

WEEKLY FASHION HINTS.

THE NEW TABLIER FRONT.

A graceful Visiting Gown.
A particularly graceful visiting gown is a soft shade of blue cloth. The yoke and the lower part of the sleeves are of buff embroidered chiffon, while the panel front of the skirt, the berthe and the extensions from the yoke to the belt are applied with



graceful scrolls for which Corticeilli silk is employed. The lower part of the skirt is ornamented with several wide tucks. This model fully emphasizes the fact that the tablier front is to be well represented among the new gowns, not alone those intended for afternoon, but for evening wear as well. It will perhaps interest our readers to know of a recently imported skirt in which the tablier front was pre-eminent. It is cut in four divisions, each one bias and shaped to give the necessary flare. Each section is shirred to the other with tiny up-standing frills and the lower one spreads out into a very full flounce. The skirt joins the tablier at either side and the edges are finished with rosette bows of narrow black velvet ribbon, three or four strands carried from one to the other all the way down.

☐ Jones' Examination Paper.

The Hon. Samuel M. Jones, better known as "Golden Rule" Jones or "Sucker Rod Sam," is still Mayor of Toledo, a city indulgent to originality. He has just composed a civil service examination paper for the benefit or discomfiture of candidates for the police force. It is our happiness to have read a number of Mr. Jones' works. This production excels them all in simple beauty of idea and suggestion. Here are some specimen questions:

If you become a policeman, under what circumstances would you arrest your own father, mother, sister, brother, son or daughter?

"Would it be right for you to arrest another man's son, daughter or near relative under less provocation?" "Did you ever know punishment or imprisonment to make a good citizen out of a bad one? If yes, state particulars."

"If a policeman should find a poor drunkard, unable to walk on the street, in which way is it most likely to help him to become a good citizen, to take him home or to take him to prison? Which would you do?"

"Suppose two persons are arrested for the same offence; one had thousands of dollars, the other hadn't a cent. Is it an equal punishment to impose a fine of \$10 and costs on each of them?"

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION

Providence, R. I., July 10th-13th, 1902.
For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Providence, R. I., at the low rate of one first class fare, plus \$1.00, for the round trip; tickets on sale July 6th, 7th and 8th, with final limit July 22nd, 1902.

For further information call on Agents Southern Railway, or write J. E. JACKSON, Traveling Passenger Agent, Morris Hotel Building, Birmingham, Ala.

National Educational Association, Minneapolis, Minn., July 7-11, 1902.

For the above occasion the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Minneapolis, Minn., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip, plus \$2.00, selling July 4th, 5th, and 6th.

When returning leave Minneapolis not earlier than July 8th, and not later than July 14th. For further information call on any ticket Agent Southern Railroad.

LOOK OUT FOR
Two Escaped Convicts.

Escaped from my farm in Chickasaw county, Miss., June 2, 1902.

No. 1, named Jim Hunter, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, color black, weight between 150 and 160 pounds, right eye out, about 45 years old. Will pay \$25 reward for him delivered in any jail.

No. 2, name Coman Jenkins, about 5 feet 10 inches tall, about 20 years old, weighs about 140, very black Middle finger on right hand off at first joint. Will pay \$10 reward for his delivery in any jail.

Wire or write me at Okolona, Miss. C. R. KING.
June 3, 1902.

Amasa Holden's
Square Deal

By CLARENCE HAWKES.

AMASA HOLDEN was not a miser, neither was he a skinflint, but at the same time he always looked at a dime several times before he parted company with it. His neighbors said that he was a trifle near, which is a provincial expression that describes to a T the prevailing characteristic of many a New Englander.

So hard it is to perceive this ethical equipoise that an interesting thesis might be written upon the well-meaning, prudent people who have started out by being saving and careful and have ended by being miserly and mean to the last degree, and finally starved their souls into a wretched penury that is about as bad as prodigality.

Amasa had been known to count the pears upon a favorite tree, that he might know if the boys took any, and he had often boasted that when a young man he had lost a cent at a certain spot in the road, and so deeply was this loss engraved upon his mind that he never passed that place but he thought of the long-lost penny and computed what it would have been worth if it had been at interest ever since, instead of rusting in the mud.

"Six per cent, compounded twice annually, that is what does the business, and more of you kin git it."

This was his maxim for all times, and the one he invariably quoted when his opinion was asked on any question whatsoever.

Aunt Betsey, his better half in every sense of the word, had sickened of this suffocating penury and passed into the old cemetery two years before the incident of the fair and square bargain, and, although she had not had a new gown during the last 20 years of her life and had always been scrupled for the necessities of life, yet she had the finest headstone in the cemetery, upon which her many virtues were enumerated.

Amasa had never been the same since Aunt Betsey's death, and signs of the final disintegration were only too apparent. The second spring after found him so far from robust that he had decided, after many debates with himself, to let out the sugar place, something that never would have happened had he been the old-time Amasa.

"Yes," he had said, reluctantly, when questioned about it at the grist mill. "I don't feel equal to't. I ain't as bunkum as I wuz once, especially in the cold weather. Why, this winter I hev been real pimpin', that is,



SILAS FOUND IT ANYTHING BUT GOOD GOING.

for me; an' I don't feel like wallerin' around in three foot of snow with two brimmin' sap pails hitched ter a yoke. I am a-goin' ter let the sugar bush out, ef ennyone 'll gin me what it is worth, but I won't let it fur nuthin', you can count on that."

"We shouldn't expect to git it of you for nuthin'," said the miller, who always said what he thought, and as the neighborhood said, hit right out from the shoulder.

"No, that ain't my way," replied Amasa, nothing disturbed by the miller's insinuations. "That ain't my way. My motto is six per cent, compounded twice annery, and more ef you kin git it."

"Wal," said St. Brown, as Amasa was leaving. "It is a pretty bush, all on the south side, an' easy ter gather, an' ef you don't want all that comes out uv the trees maybe I'll take it. I'll come up an' see you to-night, ef nuthin' comes up ter hinder."

It was the last of February. A big thaw had set in two days before, and the roads were very slumpy. Silas found it anything but good going as he climbed the long hill up which the crossroad led to Amasa's snug 60 acres. The long staff that he carried was of very little use, and it bothered him considerably sticking in the drifts and whacking against the lantern.

"Guess I might better left this pesky stick at hum," he muttered, as he stepped in a deep hole, and the lantern swung round and whacked the globe against it. "I'll be a-breakin' this lantern the first thing I know, and then there won't be nuthin' to do chores with."

"There ain't a light in the house, the ole miser," said Silas, scornfully, as he came in sight of the large two-story dwelling that Betsey Holden had been so proud of before penury had robbed it of half its charms.

"The ole miser won't even burn one of Aunt Betsey's taller dips. Ef he ain't gittin' stinger an' stinger! I 'ud druther be a pauper than such as Amasa, enny day. Wonder what made him git so, ennyhow? He didn't

usen to be so, but he was allus a little near, and how it has growed on him! I don't suppose that I can do ennything with him about that bush. Guess I hev cum on a fool's errand, as far as that is concerned, but I thought I'd like to come up ennyhow an' see how the place looked, now Betsey is gone. I guess it will be pretty lonesome."

Silas was still thinking out loud, in this abstracted manner of his, when he knocked at the front door.

"Come in," said Amasa's voice, and Silas knew from the sudden draft that the door had been opened. "I hain't got no light ter-night, an' I thought ef we didn't hev enny you wouldn't mind sittin' by the fireplace. I think it is jest as pleasant, an' it saves ile."

Silas laughed. "Why don't you burn some uv Aunt Betsey's taller dips?" he asked. "I reckon that she had about a million uv um made."

"Oh, no," replied Amasa, "there were only a few, an' I am savin' on um for an emergency."

"Why can't you light one uv them famous dips an' celebrate my coming up?" asked Silas.

"Taller's mighty high, an' a-goin' up every day," said Amasa, doubtfully. "Dunno but I might, seein' it's you, ef you thought you'd take the bush."

Amasa went to the cupboard and after fumbling around for awhile returned with a bit of a tallow candle that had been made by dipping a twine string repeatedly into hot tallow.

"There," he said, triumphantly, as he lighted it with a silver off a pine knot, "that is the fust one uv them candles that I hev burned since Betsey died. My, ain't it bright!"

"Bright!" reiterated Silas, contemptuously, winking and blinking as though the feeble light hurt his eyes. "Ef it warn't that Aunt Betsey made them dips I would advise you to melt 'em up an' use 'em ter grease your boots with."

"You air extravagant, Mr. Brown, wasteful an' extravagant," said Amasa, "you won't never be rich."

"I don't want to be," replied Silas, "but let's get to business. What do you want to do about the sugar bush?"

"It's a mighty fine bush, all on the south side an' easy to gather, includin' the sugar house," said Amasa.

"I know it," replied Silas, "it is a good bush, but what do you want for it?"

"All I can git," said Amasa, "an' it is worth more, it is dirt cheap at more."

"Come, come," said Silas. "I know you want all you can git, an' more, twice over, but let's stop this consarned dickering, an' git ter business; what will you take?"

"Wall," said Amasa, brought to the point by the other's imperative manner, "it is worth more, but ef you will give me three-fifths uv the sugar you can hev the bush for this season."

"I won't do it," said Silas, promptly. "I won't gin in. It ain't worth it, but I will take it an' gin half the sugar—half an' half, that's fair, an' that is the last grain uv sugar I will give."

Amasa argued, and expostulated, dwelling upon the merits of his bush, and the high price that sugar was sure to bring this season, but on that point the deacon was set.

"I ain't like you, Amasa," he said, after the other had exhausted every argument, and his opponent still stood firm. "I make my price an' then stick to it, that's me."

"You want ter rob me," whined Amasa, "you want ter git it for nuthin'."

"No, I don't. I want jest what is fair and square, an' no more. That's the way that I have allus done, an' I allus expect to," said Silas.

"Wall, it's too much, it is too much," replied Amasa. "I can't afford ter let it go fer that."

"Take it or leave it, then," replied the deacon, taking up his lantern; "it is a fair offer fairly made, an' will be stood to, but ef you don't want ter accept it, all right."

The deacon stood with one hand on the latch, and waited for the miser. Amasa wavered.

"It's too much," he said, at last, "but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll divide this way ef you want to take the place."

"You give me three-fifths of the sugar, an' you take two-fifths, an' then I will gin you half uv one of my fifths. That's what I call a fair an' square deal, an' right ter both uv us, but fer me ter gin you half is too much, too pesky much, an' sugar goin' ter be so high."

"All right," said the deacon, after a minute's reflection, "I'll do it. Shake hands on it, an' call it a bargain."

In the meager room by the feeble light of the tallow dip, the two shook hands upon the only fair and square deal that Amasa Holden had ever been known to make in his 70 odd years of pinched existence. Then the deacon strode out and shut the door.

"That is what I call a fair and square deal," he muttered to himself as he picked his way cautiously down the hill, "an' the joke uv it is that the old skinflint don't know that he has given me half of the sugar."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Fetes in Rome's Coliseum.

To attract the capricious race of tourists it was recently decided at a meeting of the Society of Hotel Keepers at Rome that brilliant fetes should be given next season in the Coliseum. Attempts will be made to revive, "under modern humanitarian conditions," the wild beast shows of the time of Nero.—London Globe.

Always keep on the alert to say a good word for the advancement of your city. When you advance your city you advance your own opportunity for progress and happiness.

Ignorance is bliss until it begins to associate with egotism.

A little red hair goes a long way though succeeding generations.

If a woman knows a man has virtues he need never practice them.

Husbands are not made to order—but some wives seem to think they are.

Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but they make a girl feel like one.

Were it not for the things we are going to do life would not be worth living.

Some girls are so modest that what they see in their own mirrors makes them blush.

When a man begins to have children he begins to have real troubles, and real joys.

If all women are riddles, the plainer they are the more rapidly the men give them up.

Some men are too busy to make friends, and others are too lazy to make enemies.

Probably you never heard of the man who was killed by kindness—but if you did it was nothing more than hearsay.

This doctrine of reciprocity: we all believe in it. Favor for favor; that's the way strong friendships are formed.

The husband of the woman who owns a pampered poodle would often be content did his wife treat him like a dog.

When a man sits for five minutes in deep thought, his women folks begin to wonder what devilment he is up to now.

The difference between a restaurant and a cafe is not so much in the quality of the food as in the size of your pocketbook after the reckoning.

ON A WHEEL the rider frequently meets with disaster. A very handy and efficient doctor to have with you when an accident happens is a bottle of Mexican Mustang Liniment.



Ulcers or
Running Sores

need not become a fixture upon your body. If they do it is your fault, for

MEXICAN
MUSTANG LINIMENT

will thoroughly, quickly and permanently cure these afflictions. There is no guess work about it; if this liniment is used a cure will follow.

YOU DON'T KNOW how quickly a burn or scald can be cured until you have treated it with Mexican Mustang Liniment. As a flesh healer it stands at the very top.

Fine Jewelry. Good Watchmaking



INTERIOR VIEW OF

Mahr's Jewelry House,
Aberdeen, Miss.

Where the purchaser always gets exactly what he pays for, and where every piece of repair work, no matter how intricate, is guaranteed.

When the House of Representatives passed the omnibus public buildings bill appropriating about \$16,000,000, it was thought that the limit of extravagance had been reached. There are possibilities, however, in the Senate, of which even those that have witnessed its fantastic contortions the past few months, can have no conception. The Senate Committee on Public Buildings has increased the appropriation to more than \$20,000,000. Of this amount the South is said to receive a little more than \$3,000,000. The division of the swag does not seem to have been conducted upon an equitable basis. The South is getting its share of the loot, but there should be no complaint upon that score. Southern Congressmen should pride themselves upon refraining to join in the treasury raid. The reckless appropriation of the public money is one of the greatest abuses existing in this government. While the country is rich and prosperous, the drain is not felt, but of necessity there is another day coming when the burden of taxation will be heavier than the people can bear. There has been too much toleration of Congressional extravagance.

Public moneys should be held as a sacred trust by public officers to be expended with the same prudence and economy that would mark the administration of private affairs. The man with a pull who attempts to secure a building in far excess of the needs some hamlet in which he is interested should be rebuked by the people, regardless of politics. Some good, old-fashioned honesty in Washington.

Tutt's Pills

stimulate the TORPID LIVER, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequalled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

Take No Substitute.



Boys! Girls!

Any boy or girl who will secure for us TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS for The Kansas City Weekly Journal at the rate of 25 cents each, making a total of \$2.50, and send the money to us with a list of the names, will be sent postage prepaid, a beautiful watch called The Eclipse! Send money by P. O. order or draft and mail all orders to The Weekly Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

Boys and girls, here is your chance!

Send for samples to be used in canvassing.

The world owes you—an opportunity to work.